

THE <sup>11623. a 57</sup>  
Second, and Third Advice

TO A

PAINTER,

For Drawing the

HISTORY

Of our

NAVAL Actions,

The two last Years, 1665. And 1666.

In Answer to Mr. WALLER.

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*Pictoribus atque Poetis,  
Quidlibet Audendi semper fuit potestas.*

*Humano Capiti cervicem pictor equinam,  
Fingere si velit*

Horat. de Arte Poet.

---

A. Breda, 1667.

Second and Third Series

# PAMPHLET HISTORY



Actions

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(3)

THE

# Second Advice

TO A

# PAINTER,

FOR

Drawing the History of our  
**NAVAL** Business;

*In Answer to Mr. WALLER.*

**N**ay Painter, if thou dar'st design that Fight;  
Which Waller only Courage had to Write;  
If thy bold hand, can without shaking Draw,  
What even the Actors trembled when they saw;  
Enough to make the Colours change, like *their's*.  
And all thy Pencills bristle, like *their Haires*.  
First in fit distance of the prospect Maine;  
Paint *Allen* Tilting at the Coast of *Spaine*;  
Heroick Act, and never heard till now,  
Steming *Hen'cles* Pillers with his Prow;  
And how two Ships he left, the Hills to waste,  
And with new Sea-marks, *Dover* and *Calice* graft.

The flaming *London* next doth come in view,  
 Like *Nero's Rome*, burnt to re-build it new :  
 What lesser Sacrifice then this was meet,  
 To offset for the safety of the Fleet?  
 Blow one Ship up, another thence doth grow,  
 See what free Citizens, and wise Courts can do.  
 So some old Merchant, to insure his Name,  
 Marries a fresh, and Courtiers share the Dame :  
 So Glasses are more durable then Plate.  
 For whatsoe're is broke, the Servants pay't,  
 No *Mayor* till now so rich a *Pageant* fain'd,  
 Nor one *Barge* all the *Companies* contain'd.  
 Then draw *Carolean Coventry*,  
 Keeper, or rather Chancellor of the Sea ;  
 And more exactly to express his hue,  
 Use nothing but *ultra marinish blue*,  
 To pay his Fees the *Silver Trumpet* spends,  
 And *Boatswains* whistles, For his Place depends,  
*Pilots* in vain repeat the *Compass* o're,  
 Untill of him they learn this one point more.  
 The constant *Magnet* to the *Pole* doth hold,  
*Steel* to the *Magnet*, *Coventry* to *Gold* ;  
*Muscovy* sells us *Hemp*, and *Pitch*, and *Tar*,  
*Iron* and *Copper Sweeden* ; *Monster War* ;  
*Asby* Prizes, *Warwick Customs*, *Cartaret Pay*,  
 But *Coventry* doth sell the Fleet away.  
 Now let our Navy stretch in *Canvas wings*,  
 Swoln like his putse, with tackling like its strings,  
 By slow degrees of the encreasing Gale,  
 First under Sale, and after under Sayle ;



Then in kind visit unto *Opdams Gout*,  
Hedge the *Dutch* in, only to let them out:  
So *Huntsmen* fair, unto the *Hares* give law,  
First find them, and then civilly with-draw,  
That the blind *Archer*, when they take the Seas,  
The *Hamborough* Convoy may betray at ease.  
So that the Fish may more securely bite,  
The Fisher baits the River over night.  
But *Painter*, now prepar t'enrich thy Piece,  
Pencills of *Ermines*, Oyl of *Ambergreece*:  
See where the *Dutchess*, with triumphant tayle  
Of numerous Coaches, *Harwich* doth assaile;  
So the *Land Crabs*, at Natures kindly call,  
Down to engender, to the Sea do crawl;  
See then the *Admiral* with his Navy whole,  
To *Harwich* through the Ocean carry Cole:  
So *Swallows* buried in the Sea, at Spring  
Return to Land, with Summer in their wing.  
One thrifty Ferry-Boat of Mother-Pearle,  
Suffic'd of old the *Citherean* Girle:  
Yet Navies are but properties, when here  
A small Sea-mask, are built to court-you Dear.  
Three Goddesses in one, *Pallas* for Art,  
*Venus* for Sport, and *Juno* in your Heart.  
Oh *Dutchess*! if thy Nuptial Pompe were mean,  
It's paid with Intrest in this Naval Scene:  
Never did *Roman Mark* within the *Nyle*,  
So feast the fair *Egyptian Crocodile*;  
Nor the *Venetian* Duke with greater State,  
The *Adriatique* Marry at that Rate.

Now *Painter* spare thy weak Art, and forbear  
 To Draw her parting passions, and each tear,  
 For alas, she hath but a short delight,  
 The Winds, the *Dutch*, the King, all calls to Fight;  
 She therefore the *Dukes* persons recommends  
 To *Brunker*, *Pen* and *Coventry*, as friends;  
*Pen*, much more *Brunker*, most to *Coventry*,  
 For they ( she knew ) were more afraid then she.  
 Of flying Fishes one had sav'd the Finn,  
 And hop'd that he through the Aire might spin;  
 The other thought he might avoid his Knell,  
 In the Invention of the Diving Bell:  
 The third had tri'd it, and affirm'd, A Cable  
 Coil'd round about him, was Impenetrable:  
 But these the *Duke* rejected; only chose  
 To keep far off, and others Interpose.  
*Rupert* that knew not fear, but health did want,  
 Kept state suspended in his Chair volant,  
 All save his his head, shut in the wooden Case,  
 He shew'd but like a broken weather-Glasse;  
 But arm'd in a whole Lyon Capuchin,  
 Did represent a *Hercules* within;  
 Dear, how the *Dutch* his twinging Anguish know  
 And feel what Valour ( whet with pain ) can do  
 Curst in the mean time be that cursed *Jaiel*,  
 That through his Princely temples drove the nail  
*Rupert* resolv'd to fight it like a Lyon,  
 But *Sandwich* hop'd to fight it like *Argon*:  
 He to prolong his life in the Dispute,  
 ( And Charm the *Holland* Puppets, tun'd his Lute

Till some judicious Dolphin might approach;  
And land him safe and sound as any Roach.  
Hence by the *Gazettier* he was mistooke,  
As unconcern'd, as if at *Hitchinbrooke*.  
Now *Painter* reassume thy Pencills care,  
Thou hast but Skirmisht yet, Now Fight prepare  
And Battel draw, more terrible to show,  
Then the last judgement was of *Angelo*,  
First let our Navy scour through silver froth,  
The Oceans burthen, and the Kingdomes both,  
Whose every bulk may represent it's birth,  
From *Hide*, and *Paston*, burthens of the earth  
*Hide*, whose transcendant Paunch so swell of late,  
That he the Ruptures seems of Law, and State.  
*Paston*, whose belly devours more Millions  
Then *Indian* Carracks, and contains more Tuns.  
Let sholes of Porpuses on every fide  
Wonder in swimming, by the Oake out-vide;  
And the Sea-fouls (at gaze) behold a thing  
So vast, more strong and swift then they of wing;  
Both which presaging, yet keep still in fight,  
And follows for the Relique of the Fight.  
Then let the *Dutch* with bold dissembling fear,  
Or bold dispair, more then we wish, draw near;  
At which our Gallants, to the Sea but tender,  
And more to fight, Their squeezey stomachs render  
With breasts so panting, that at every stroake  
You might have felt their hearts beat through the  
Whilst one concern'd most, in the interval (Oake,  
Of straining Choller, thus did cast his Gall;

*Noah* be damn'd, an' all his Race accurst,  
 Who in Sea-brine did pickle Timber first;  
 Who, though he Planted Vines, yor Pines cut down  
 He taught us how to Drink, and how to drown.  
 He first built *Ships*, and in that Wooden-Hall,  
 Saving but Eight, e're since endanger'd All.  
 And thou *Dutch* Necromantick Frier, be Damn'd,  
 And in thine own first Morter-piece be ram'd,  
 Who first inventest Cannon in thy Cell,  
*Nitre* from Earth, and *Brimstone* fetch from Hell:  
 But Damn'd, and treble Damn'd be *Clarendon*,  
 (Our Seventh *Edward*) with his House and Line;  
 Who, to divert the danger of the War  
 With *Bristol*, hurles it on the *Hollander*.  
 Fooles-coated Gown-man, sells to fight with *Hans*  
*Dunkerke*, Dismantles *Scotland*, quarrels *France*;  
 And hopes he now hath busines-shap'd, & power,  
 T'out-last his life and ours, and 'scape the Tower,  
 And that he yet may see, e're he goes down,  
 His dear *Clarinda* circled in a Crown.  
 By this time both the *Fleets* in wrath dispute,  
 And each the Other Mortally Salute:  
 Draw pensive *Neptune* biting of his thumbs,  
 To think himself a *Slave* who e're o'recomes;  
 And frighted *Nymphs* retreating to the Rocks,  
 Beating their blue breasts, tearing their green locks.  
 Paint *Echoes* flaine, only the alternate sound,  
 From the repeating Cannon doth rebound;  
*Opdam* sayles up, mounted on's Navall throne,  
 Assuming Courage greater then his own;  
 Makes

Makes to the Duke, and threatens him from far,  
To nayle himself to's *Board* like a *Petar* :  
But in this vain attempt, takes Fire too soon,  
And flies up in his Ship to catch the Moon :  
*Mounsiere*s, like *Rockets*, mount aloft and crack  
In thousand sparks, and dancingly fall back ;  
Yet e're this hapned, *Destiny* allow'd  
Him his *Revenge*, to make his *Death* more proud,  
A fatall Bullet from his side did range  
And battered *Lawson*, Ah ! too dear exchange :  
He led our Fleet (that day) too short a space ,  
But lost his Knee, died since in Honours Race :  
*Lawson*, whose Valour beyound Fate doth go,  
Doth still fight *Opdam* in the shades below.  
The *Duke* himself, though *Pen* did not forget,  
Yet was not out of Dangers random set.  
*Falmouth* was there, I know not what to act,  
Unless 'twas to grow Duke too by Contrast ;  
An un-taught Bullet in its wanton scope,  
Quashes him all to pieces and his hope :  
Such as his Rise, such was his Fall, unprais'd,  
A chance-shot sooner took, then chance him rais'd :  
His shatter'd Head the fearless Duke bestains,  
Which gave the last, first proof that he had Brains.  
*Berkly* had heard it soon, and thought not good  
To venter more of royal *Hardings* Blood ;  
To be Immortal he was not of Age,  
And did even now the *Indian* prize presage ;  
But judg'd it safe and decent (cost what cost)  
To loose the Day, since his dear Brother's lost ,

Wich

With his whole *Squadron* straight away he bore,  
And like good Boy, promis'd to fight no more.  
The *Dutch Anran* careless at us sail'd,  
And promised, to do, what *Opdam* fail'd;  
*Smith* (to the *Duke*) doth intencept her way,  
And cleaves to her closer then the *Kemora* :  
The Captain wondr'd, and withall disdain'd,  
So strongly, by a thing so small, detain'd ;  
And in a raging bravery to him runs,  
They stab'd their Ships with one anothers Guns ;  
They Fight so neer, it seems to be on ground,  
And flying Bullets meeting Bullets wound ;  
The noise, the smoke, the sweat, the fire, the blood  
Is not to be exprest, nor understood ;  
Each Captain from the quarter Deck Commands,  
They wave their bright Swords glittering in their  
All luxury of War, all Man can do (hands  
In a Sea-fight, did pass between them two :  
But one must conquer, who foe're does fight ;  
*Smith* took the *Gyant*, and is since made Knight.  
*Marlborow*, who knew, and dar'd do more then All,  
Falls undistinguish'd by an Iron-Ball ;  
Deat *Lord*, but born under a Star ungrate,  
No soul so clear, nor none more gloomy fate ;  
Who would set up wars trade, that means to thrive  
Death picks the Valiant out, & Cowards survive :  
When the brave merrit, the Impudent do vaunt,  
And none rewarded but the Sicophant :  
He all his life time against Fortune fenc'd.  
Or not well known, or not well recompenc'd ;

But



But enuy, not the praise to's Memory;  
None more prepared was, or fit to dye.  
*Rupert* did others, and himself excell:  
*Homes, Tiddiman, Minns*, bravely *Sanson* fell,  
What others did, let none omit it's blame,  
I shall record, who e're brings in his name;  
But unless after stories disagree,  
Nine only came to fight, the rest to see.  
Now all conspire unto the *Dutchmens* loss,  
The wind, the fire, Wee, They themselves do cross.  
When a sweet sleep the *Duke* began to drown,  
And with soft Diadems his temples Crown;  
But first he orders all besides to watch,  
(And they the Foe) whilst he a Nap shu'd catch:  
But *Brunker* by a secreter instinct  
Slept not, nor needs hee, he all day had wink'd;  
The *Duke* in Bed, he then drows forth his Steel,  
Whose Vertue makes the misled Compass wheel;  
So e're he wakes, both Fleets were innocent,  
And *Brunker* Member is of Parliament.  
And now dear *Painter*, after pains like those,  
'Twere time that thou and I too should repose,  
And all our Navy scape so sound of Limb,  
That a small space serv'd to Refresh and Trim,  
And a tame Fleet of theirs do Convoy want,  
Laden with both the *Indies* and *Levant*:  
Paint but this one Scene, now the worlds our own  
The *Halcion Sandwich* doth Command alone,  
To *Bergen* now, with better Maw we hast,  
And the Sweet Spoiles in hope already taste;

Thou



Though *Clifford* in the Charracter appears,  
Of *Super Cargo* to our Fleet, and *Theirs*.  
Wearing a *Signet* ready to clap on,  
And ceaze all for his Matter *Arlington*.  
*Ruiter*, whose little *Squadron* skims the Seas,  
And waits at our remotest *Collonyes*,  
With Ships all foule return upon our way,  
*Sandwich* would not disperse, nor yet delay;  
And therefore like Commander grave and wise,  
To escape his sight and fight, shuts both his eyes.  
And for more state and sureness, Curtains drew,  
He the left Eye closes, the right *Mountegue*.  
And truly *Clifford* proffer'd in his Zeal,  
To make all sure, to apply to both his Seal.  
*Ulysses* so, till he the *Cyrens* past,  
Would by his Mates be pinnioned to the Mast.  
Now can our Navy view the wish'd for Port,  
But theirs (to see the fortune) was a Fort.  
*Sandwich* would nor be beaten, nor yet beat,  
Fools only fight, the Prudent use to Treat,  
His Couzen *Mountegue* by Court disaster,  
Dwinkled into a wooden Horses Master.  
To speak of Peace, seem'd to all most proper,  
Had *Talbot* there treated of nought but Copper :  
For what are Forts when void of Ammunition.  
With friend or foe? what would we more condition  
Yet we three dayes (till the *Dutch* furnish'd all,  
Men, money, Cannon, Powder) treat with wall.  
Then *Tiddy*, finding that the *Dane* would not,  
Sends in six Captains bravely to be shot :

And

And *Mountague*, though drest like any Bride,  
 Aboard the *Admiral*, was reacht and died.  
 Sad was this chance, and yet a deeper care,  
 Wrinkled our *Membraine* under fore-head fair :  
 The *Dutch Armado* yet had impudence,  
 To put to Sea, to waite their Merchants thence ;  
 For as if all their Ships of Walnuts were,  
 The more we beat them, still the more they bear.  
 But a good Pilot, and a favouring wind,  
 Brings *Sandwich* back, and once again doth blind.  
 Now gentle *Painter*, e're we leap on shore,  
 With thy last stroaks ruffle a Tempest o're ;  
 As if in our Reproach, the VVinds and Seas,  
 VVould undertake the *Dutch*, whilst we take ease :  
 The Seas their spoiles within our Hatches throw,  
 The wind both Fleets into our mouths did blow,  
 Strew'd all the Ships along the Coast by ours,  
 As easie to be gathered up as Flowers.  
 But *Sandwich* fears for Merchants to mistake  
 A man of War, amongst these Flowers a Snake.  
 Two *Indian* Ships, pregnant with Eastern Pearles,  
 And *Diamonds*, fates the *Officers* and *Earls* ;  
 Then warning of our Fleet, he did devise  
 Into our Ports, and so to *Oxford* ride :  
 Whilst the *Dutch* re-uniting to our shames,  
 Ride all insulting o're the *Downs* and *Thames*.  
 Now treating *Sandwich* seems the fittest choice  
 For *Spain*, there to condole and to rejoyce :  
 He meets the *French*, but to avoid all harms,  
 Slips into *Groine* Embassies bears on Armes.

There

There let him languish a long *Quarrentine*,  
And nere to *England* come, till he be clean.  
Henceforth ( *O Gemini* ) two Dukes Command,  
*Caster* and *Pollux*, *Anmerle*, *Cumberland* :  
Since they in one Ship go, 'twere fit they went  
In *Pettyes* double-keel'd Experiment.

# To the King.

**I**mperial Prince ! King of the Seas, and Isles,  
Dear Object of our Joyes, and Heavens smiles,  
What boor's it, that thy Light doth guild our days  
And we lye basking in thy milder Rayes ;  
Whilst swarms of Insects from thy warmth begun  
Our Land devour, and Intercept thy Sun :  
Thou, like *Joves Minos*, rul'st a greater *Creet*,  
And for its hundred Cities, counts thy Fleet :  
Why wilt thou that State *Dadalus* allow,  
Who builds thee but a Labyrinth, and a Cow :  
If thou a *Minos*, be a Judge severe,  
In his own Maze, confine the Engineer.  
Or if our Sun, since he so neer presumes,  
Melt the soft wax, with which he imps his Plumes ;  
Then let him falling leave his hated Name,  
Unto those Seas, his Wars have set on flame ;  
From that Enchanter, having clear'd thine eyes,  
Thy Native Sight will pierce within the Skies,  
And

And view those Kingdoms full of joy and Light,  
 Where's Universal Tryumph, but no Fight :  
 Since both from heaven thy care & power descend  
 Rule by its Pattern, thereto reascend ;  
 Let Justice only draw, and Battel cease,  
 Kings are in War but Cares, they'r Gods in peace:  
 Thus have we Fought, we know not why, nor yet  
 W'ave done we know not what, or what we get;  
 If to Espouse the Ocean, all these pains,  
 Princes Unite, and will forbid the Banes ;  
 If to destroy *Phanatick*, this makes more,  
 For all *Phanaticks* turn, when sick or poor :  
 Or if the *House of Commons*, to repay  
 Their *Prize Commissions* are transfer'd away.  
 If for Triumphant Check, Stones or a Shell  
 For *Dutches* Closet, 't'as succeeded well.  
 If to make *Parliaments* all odious pass,  
 If to reserve a standing Force, alas ;  
 Or if ( as just ) *Orange* to reinstate,  
 Instead of that, he is Regenerate.  
 And if five Millions, vainly given, are spent,  
 And with five Millions more of detriment ;  
 Our Sum amounts, yet only to have won,  
 A Bastard *Orange* for Prince *Arlington*.  
 Now may Historians argue *Con* and *Pro*,  
*Denham* saies thus, though *Waller* alwaies so ;  
 But he good man, in his long Sheer and Staff,  
 Thy Penance did for *Cromwells* Epitaph ;  
 And his next Theme must be the Dukes Mistis,  
 Advice to Draw Madam *E* *Edificatis*.

[illegible]

21414



THE

## Third Advice

TO A

## PAINTER,

On our last Summers Success,  
with French and Dutch.

1666.

---

Written by the same Hand as the former was.

---

**S** *Andwich* in *Spain* now, and the *Duke* in *Love*,  
 Let's with new *Generalls*, a new *Painter* prove.  
 Lillie's a *Dutchman* dangerous in his Art,  
 His *Penicills* may *Intelligence* impart.  
 Thou *Gibson* that amongst the *Navy* small,  
 Of *Marshal'd Shells*, *Commandst Admiral*;  
 Thy self so slender, that thou shew'st no more  
 Than *Barnicle* new hatcht of them before;  
 Come mix thy *water Colours*, and express,  
 Drawing in *Little*, how wee *Doc* in *Less*.

B

First



First paint me *George* and *Rupert*, ratling far  
 Within one Box, like the two Dice of War;  
 And let the Terror of their linked Flame,  
 Fly through the Air like Chain-shot tearing Fame.  
*Jove* in one Cloud did scarcely ever wrap  
 Lightning so fierce, but never such a clap;  
 United Gen'als, sure the only spell,  
 Wherewith *United-Provinces* to quell :  
 Alas, even they (though shell'd in trebble Oak)  
 Will prove an Addle-egg with double Yolk :  
 And therefore next uncouple either Hound,  
 And Low them at two Hares ere one be found;  
*Rupert* to *Beaufort*, hollow-Ay there *Rupert*,  
 Like the fantastick Hunting of St. *Hubert*,  
 When he with Earthy Hounds, and Horn of Air,  
 Pursues in *Fountebleau* the witchy Hare :  
 Deep providence of State ; that could so soon  
 Fight *Beaufort* here, e're he had quit *Thoulon* :  
 So have I seen er'e humane quarrels rise,  
 Forebodeing Meteors combat in the Skies ;  
 But let the *Prince* to fight with rumors go,  
 The Gen'ral doth meet a more substantial Foe;  
*Ruyter* he espies, and full of youthful heat,  
 (Though half his number) thinks he has odds too  
 The Fowler so watches the wary spot . . . (great :  
 And more the Fowl hopes for the better shot;  
 Though such a Limb were from his Navy torn,  
 He felt no weakness, yet like *Sampson* thorn,  
 But sworn with sence of former Glory won,  
 Thought *Atenk* must be by *Albemarle* out-done ;  
Little



Little he knew With the same Arm and Sword,  
 How far the Gentleman out-cuts the Lord:  
*Ruyter* inferior unto none for Heart,  
 Superior now in Number and in Art,  
 Askt if he thought, as once our Rebel Nation,  
 To conquer theirs too by a Declaration,  
 And threatens, though he now so proudly sail,  
 He shall tread back his *Iber Boreale*:  
 This said, he the short period ere it ends,  
 With Iron words from Brazen mouths extends;  
*Monk* yet prevents him, ere the Navies meet,  
 And Charges in himself alone, a Fleet,  
 And with so quick and frequent motion wound,  
 His murd'ring sides about the Ship seem'd round,  
 And the exchanges of his circling Tyre,  
 Like flaming Hoopes shew'd like Triumphant fire;  
 Single he does at their whole Navy aim,  
 And shoots them through a porcupine of Flame;  
 He plays with Danger, and his Bullets trouts,  
 As 'twere at *Fron-Madam* through all the holes;  
 In noise so regular his Cannons met,  
 You'd think the Thunder were to Musick set;  
 Ah, had the rest but kept a time so true,  
 What Age could such a martial Confort shew?  
 The listning Air unto the distant Shoar,  
 Through secret Pipes conveys the tuned Roar,  
 Till as the Ecchoe vanishing abate,  
 Men feel a deaf sound like the pill of Fate;  
 If Fate expire, let *Monk* her place supply,  
 His Guns determine who shall live or dye:

But Victory does alwies hate a Rant,  
 Valour's her brave Butt, skill is her Gallant,  
 Ruiner no less with vertuous envy burns,  
 And Prodigies for Miracles returns;  
 Yet he observ'd how still his Iron-balls  
 Brus'd in vain, against our Oaken-walls;  
 And the hard Pellets fell away as dead,  
 Which our Inchanred Timber fillipp'd:  
 Leave then (said he) th'unrulnerable Keele,  
 Wee'l find them feeble, like Chittereale:  
 He quickly taught, and powers in continual clouds  
 Of chain'd Dilemmaes, through our sinewy shrouds  
 Forrests of Masts, fall with this rude Embrace,  
 One suffice Sayls, Masts, and Netted into Lace,  
 Till our whole Navy lay their wanton marke,  
 And no Ship now could sayl, but as the Arke,  
 Shot in the wing, so at the Powders call,  
 The disappointed Bird does fluttering fall.  
 Yet *Monck*, disabled, full such Courage shows,  
 As none into his mortal gripes durst close:  
 So an old Bustard main'd, yet loath to yeild,  
 Duells the Fowler, in *Newmarket-field*,  
 But soon he found it was in vain to fight.  
 And as he may, doth impe his wings for flight.  
 This *Painter* were an noble task to tell,  
 What Indignation his great breasts did swell,  
 Not vertuous men unworthily abus'd,  
 Not constant Lovers, without cause refus'd,  
 Not honest Merchant broke, Not skilful Player  
 Hist of the Stage, not Sinner, in despair.

No

Not loosing Rook, not Favorites disgrac'd,  
 Not Rump, by *Oliver*, or *Monck*, displac'd,  
 Not Kings depos'd, Not Prelats when they dye,  
 Feel halfe the rage of Generals when they flye:  
 Ah! rather then transmit our scorn to Fame,  
 Draw Curtains ( gentle Artift ) o're the shame.  
 Casheir the memory of *Duvel*, raised up  
 To tast (instead of death) his Highness Cup:  
 And if the thing were true, yet paint it not  
 How *Berkley* (as he long deserv'd) was shot;  
 Though others that surviv'd the Corps and neer,  
 Say only, he was putrifi'd with fear,  
 And the hard Statue Mummyed without a Gun:  
 Might the *Dutch* balm have spar'd an *English* tomb  
 But if thou wilt paint *Minna* turn'd all to soul,  
 And the great *Harman*, charkt almost to Cole,  
 And *Jordan* old, thy Pencills worthy pain,  
 Who all the way, held up the Ducall-train:  
 But in a dark Cloud cover *Ascough*, when  
 He quit the Prince t'inbark in *Lovestein*.  
 Now wounded Ships which we immortal boast,  
 Are first led Captive to an Hostile Coast;  
 But must with Story of his hand or thumb  
 Conceal as honour would, his Graces Bum,  
 When the rude Bullet a large collop tore  
 Out of that Buttock, never turn'd before,  
 Fortune it seems would give him by that lath,  
 Gentle correction, for his Fight so rash; ( *Mars* )  
 But should the Rump preceiv't, they'd say that  
 Had now reveng'd them, upon *Amarsel* Acfe.

The long Disaster better ore to vail,  
 Paint onely *Jonas* three days in the Whale;  
 Then draw the youthful *Perseus* all in haste,  
 From a Sea-beast to free the Virgin chaste;  
 But neither riding *Pegasus* for speed,  
 Nor with the *Gorgon* shielded at his need;  
 For no less time did conquering *Rapier* chew,  
 Our flying Gen'ral in his spongy Maw;  
 So *Rapert* the Sea-Dragon did invade,  
 But to save *George* himself, and not the Maid;  
 But late arriving, soon he quickly mist,  
 Even Sails to flye, not able to resist;  
 Not *Greenland* Seamen who survive the fright  
 Of the cold *Chaos*, and a half years night;  
 So gladly the returning Sun adore,  
 Or run to meet the next years Fleet from Shoar,  
 Hoping yet once within the Oily side  
 Of the fat Whale, again their Sphears to hide,  
 As our whole Fleet with Universal shout,  
 Salute the Prince, and with the second bout:  
 Not Winds long Pris'ners in Earths hollow Vault,  
 The fallow Seas so eagerly assault;  
 As fiery *Rapert* with revengeful joy,  
 Does on the *Dutch* his hungry courage cloy;  
 But soon unrigg'd, lay like a useles board,  
 As wounded in the wrast, Men drop the sword;  
 When a propitious Cloud between us stept,  
 And in our Aid did *Rapier* intercept;  
 Old *Homer* yet did never introduce  
 To save his *Heroes*, mist of a better use.

Worship

Worship the Sun, who dwells, where he does rise,  
 This Mist doth more deserve our Sacrifice,  
 Now joyful fires and the exalted Bell,  
 And Court-Gazets our empty Triumphs tell,  
 Alas, the time draws near, when overturn'd  
 The lying Bells will through the tongue be burn'd;  
 Paper shall want to print that lye of State,  
 And our false Fires, true Fires shall expiate :  
 Stay Painter here a while, and I will stay.  
 Not vex the future times with nice survey ;  
 Seest not the *Monky Dutchess* all undrest,  
 Paint thou but her, and she will paint the rest ;  
 The sad Fate found her in her outward Room,  
 Nailing up Hangings, not of *Persian-Loom* ,  
 Like chaste *Penelope* who ne'r did Rome,  
 But made all fine against her *George* came home ;  
 Upon a Ladder in a Coat much shorter,  
 She stood with Groom and Porter for supporter,  
 And careless what they say, or what they thought,  
 With *Honi Soit qui mal* she bravely wrought,  
 For in the Gen'ral's breech, none could she know,  
 Carry away a piece with Eies or Nose ;  
 One Tenter drove, to loose no time or place,  
 At once the Ladder they remove and grace ;  
 Whilst thus they her translate from *North to East*,  
 In posture of a four-footed Beast  
 She heard the News, but altered yet no more,  
 Then that which was behind she turn'd before,  
 Nor would come down, but with a Handkerchers ;  
 Which pocket foul, did to her Neck prefer ;

She dry'd no tears, for she was so *Viraginous*,  
 But only snuffing her trunk *Cartiluginous*;  
 From Scaling-ladder she began a Story,  
 Worthy to think on, as *Moment. Mori.*  
 Arraigning past, and present, and *futuri.*  
 With a Prophetick, if not spirit fury;  
 Her Hair began to creep, her belly found,  
 Her eyes to startle, and her Udder bound;  
 Halfe witch, half Prophet, thus she *Albemarle*  
 Like *Presbiterian Sibel*, out did snarl,  
 Traytors both to my Lord, and to the King,  
 Nay now it grows beyond all suffering;  
 One valiant Man, and he alone must be  
 Commanded out to stop their Leak at Sea.  
 One may if they be beat, or both be hit,  
 Or if they overcome, yet honour's split;  
 But reckoning *George* already knock'd 'oth' head,  
 They cut him out like Beef, e're he be dead;  
 Each for a quarter hopes, the first doth skip,  
 But shall fall short, though at the Generalship.  
 Next they for Master of the Horse agree;  
 A third the *Cockpit* begs, not any mee;  
 But they shall know, I marry shall they do;  
 That who the *Cockpit* has, shall have me too.  
 I told *George* first, as *Calamy* told me,  
 If the King these brought over, thus 'twould be.  
 Oh! what degregious Loyalty to Cheat,  
 Oh! what fidelity it was to eat:  
 Men that there pickt his Pocket to his face,  
 To tell Intelligence, or beg a Place.

That



That their Religion pawn'd for Cloaths, nor care  
 Thus run so long, now to redeem't, or dare.  
 Whilst *Langdale*, *Hopton*, *Glenham* starv'd abroad,  
 And here true Loyalists sunk beneath their load.  
 Men that did there affront, defame, betray  
 The King, and do so here, now who but they.  
 What say I men? nay rather monsters: men  
 Only in bed; nor to my knowledge then:  
 See how they home return with Revel Rout,  
 With the same measure that they first went out,  
 No better grown, nor wiser all this while,  
 To renew the causes of their first Exile.  
 As is to shew you Fools, what 'tis I mean:  
 I chuse a foul smock, when I might have clean.  
 First they for fear disband the Army tame,  
 And leave good *George* an empty Generals name:  
 Next Bishops must revive, and all us fix,  
 VVith discontents, to content twenty fix;  
 The Lords House drains the Houses of the Lord;  
 For Bishops voices silencing the word.  
 O *Bartholmew*, Saint of their Callender,  
 VVhat's worse their ejection, or their massacre.  
 Then *Culp'per*, *Glocester*, and the Princesse dy'd,  
 Nothing can live, that interrupts a *Hide*:  
 O more then humane *Glocester's* fate did shew,  
 See but the Earth, and back again withdarw.  
 Then the fat Scrivener durst begin to think,  
 'Twas time to mix the Royal blood with Ink.  
*Berkeley* who swore, as oft as she had toes,  
 Does kneeling now her Chastity depose,



For Portion, if she should prove light when weigh'd  
 Four Millions will within three years be paid;  
 To raise it, we must have a Naval war,  
 As if 'twere nothing but a *Tarantula*  
 Abroad, all Princes disobliging, first  
 At home, all Parties but the very worst;  
 To speak of *Dunkirk*, *Ireland*, *Scotland's* sad,  
 Or the Kings Marriage, but he thinks me mad,  
 A sweeter Creature never saw the Sun,  
 If we the King wisht *Monk*, or Queen a *Nun*;  
 But a *Dutch* war shall all these Rumors still,  
 Bleed out these Fancies, and our Purfes spill;  
 Yet after one daies trembling Fight, they saw  
 'Twas too much danger for a Son-in-law,  
 Hire him to leave with sixscore thousand pound,  
 As with the Kings Drums, men for sleep compound  
 The modest *Sandwich* thought it might agree,  
 With the State-prudence to do less then he;  
 And to excuse their timorousness and sloth, (both:  
 The've found how *George* may now do less then  
 First *Smith* must for *Legorn* with force enough  
 To venture back again, but not go through:  
*Beaufort* is here, and to their dazeling eies,  
 The distance more the Object magnifies;  
 But this they gain, that *Smith* his time shall lose,  
 For my *Duke* too, he cannot interpose,  
 But fearing that the Navy-*George* to break,  
 Might yet not be sufficiently weak,  
 The Secretary, who had never yet  
 Intelligence, but from the Court- *Gazette*,  
Discovers

Discovers a great Secret fit to sell,  
 And pays himself for't ere he would it tell :  
*Beaufort* is in the *Channel*, *Hixy* here,  
*Doxy Thoulon*, *Beaufort* is every where :  
 Herewith assembles the Supream Divan,  
 Where enters none but *Devil*, *Nod*, and *Nan* ;  
 And upon this pretence they straight design'd,  
 The Fleet to separate, and the World to blind,  
*Monk* to the *Dutch*, and *Rupert* (here the *Wench*  
 Could not but smile) is destin'd to the *French* ;  
 To write the Orders, *Bristols* Clerk they chose,  
 One slit in's Pen, another in his Nose ;  
 For he first brought the News, and 'tis his place,  
 He'll see the Fleet divided like his face,  
 And through that Cranny in his Grizzly part,  
 To the *Dutch*, thinks Intelligence may start.  
 Officious *Will* seems fittest, as afraid  
 Least *George* should look too far into his Trade ;  
 And now presuming of his certain Rack,  
 To help him late, they write for *Rupert* back ;  
 On the first draught they pause with Statesmen  
 Then write it out, and copy't out as fair ; (care  
 These they compare, and then at last 'tis sign'd,  
*Will* soon his Purse-strings, but no Seal could find ;  
 At night he sends it by the common Post,  
 To save the King of an Express, the cost,  
 Lord ! what a doe to pack one Letter hence ?  
 Some Patents pass with less circumference ;  
 Well *George*, in spite of them thou safe dost ride,  
 Lessen'd in nought I hope but thy Backside ;  
 For

For as to Reputation, this Retreat  
 Of thine exceeds their Victory so great,  
 Nor with vain pomp will I accost the Shore,  
 To try the Valour of the *Buoy in the Nore* :  
 'Tis time I want, so long the Nuptial gift,  
 But as I oft t'have done, Ile make a shift;  
 Fall to thy work *George* there, as I do here,  
 See that the men have Pay, and Beef, and Beer,  
 Cherish the Valiant up, the Coward Cashier,  
 Find out the Cheats of the four Millioneer ;  
 Never such Corqueans by small Arts to ring,  
 Ne'r such ill Huswives in the managing  
 Out of the very Beer they steal the Malt,  
 Powder out of Powder, powder'd Beef the Salt;  
 See that thou hast new Sails, and spoyl  
 All their Sex-markets, and their Cable coyl ;  
 Put thy hand to the Tub, instead of Ox,  
 They victual with French Pork that hath the Pox :  
 Tell the King all, who do him Countermine,  
 Trust not till done him with thy own design ;  
 Look to the Pris'ners sick, and wounded all,  
 As Prize they rob the very Hospital ;  
 Recover back the Prizes too, in vain  
 VVe fight, if all be taken that is tane,  
 Along our Coasts, the *Dutchmen* like a flight  
 Of feeding Ducks, Morning and Evening light.  
 How our Land-Hectors tremble, void of sence,  
 As if they came straight to transport them hence ;  
 they wish even *George*, divided, to Command  
 One half of them by Sea, and one by Land ;

Some Sheep are stoln, the Kingdom's all array'd,  
 And even *Presbiter* now call for aid,  
 VVhat's that I see, ha? 'tis my *George* agen; (then  
 It seems in seven weeks I have new Rig'd him  
 The curious Heaven with lightning him surrounds  
 To view him, and his Name in thunder sounds,  
 But with the same shaft, gores their Navy neer,  
 So er'e we hunt the Keeper shoots the Deer:  
 Stay Heaven a while, and thou shalt see him Sail;  
 And how *George* too, can Thunder Lighten, Hail.  
 Avant *Rotterdam*, dog-*Ruyter*, Avant,  
 Thou VVater-Rat, thou Shark, thou Cormorant,  
 Ile teach thee to shoot Cifers, Ile repair  
 Each Rope thou loofest *George*, out of this hair  
 Ere thou shalt lack a Sail, and lie a drift,  
 'Tis strong, and course enough, Ile cut this shift;  
 Bring home the old ones, I again will sew  
 And dearn them up to be as good as new,  
 VVhat twice disabled I never such a thing,  
 Now help him *Sovereign* that brought in the King  
 Guard thy Posterior least all be gone,  
 Though Jury-Masts, tho' hast Jury-buttocks none  
 Courage I how bravely whet with this disgrace;  
 He turns, and Bullets spits in *Ruyter's* face;  
 They fly, they fly, their Fleet does now divide,  
 But they discard their *Trump*, our *Trump* is *Hide*;  
 VVhere are you now *de Ruyter* with your Bears?  
 See how your Merchants burn about your Ears,  
 Fire but the wasps *George* from the hollow Trees,  
 Cram'd with the Honey of our *English* Bees.

Ah,

Ah, now they'r paid for *Guiny*, e're they Steer  
To the Coast, they find it hotter here;  
Turn all their Ships to Stoves, e're they set forth  
Towards their Traffick in the frozen North.  
Ah *Sandwich*, had thy Conduct been the same,  
*Bergen* had seen a less, but richer Flame;  
No *Ruyter* liv'd, new Battel to repeat,  
And oftner beaten he, then we can bear:  
Scarce has *George* leisure, after all his pain  
To tie his Breches, *Ruyter*'s out again,  
Thrice in one year, why sure the man is wood,  
Beat him to Stock-fish, else he'l ne'r be good:  
I see them both prepared to try  
And shoot each other through in the Eye:  
Then---But that ruling Providence that must  
With humane Quarrels play, as Wind with Dust,  
Raised a Storm, so Constables a Fray,  
Knock down, and sends them both well Cufft away.  
Plant now *Virginian* fires in *English* Oak,  
Build your Ship-ribs proof to the Cannon stroak,  
To get a Fleet to Sea, exhaust the Land,  
Let lingring Princes pine for the Command,  
Strong *Marshpains*, wafers light, so thin a puff  
Of angry Air, ruine all this Huff.  
Woe's me! what see I next? alas the fate  
I see of *England*, and its utmost Date;  
Those flames of theirs, at which we fondly smile,  
Kindled like Torches our *Sepulchral* pile:  
See how men all like Ghosts, while *London* burns,  
Wander, and each over his own Ashes mourns:  
For

For shame, come home *George*, 'tis for thee too much  
 To fight at once with Heaven, and the *Dutch*;  
 War, Fire, and Plague against us all conspire,  
 We the War, God the Plague, who rais'd the Fire?  
 Dear *George*, sad fate, vain mind, that me doth pleas  
 To meet thine with far other flames then these:  
 Curs'd be the man, who first begat this war  
 In an ill hour under a blazing Star,  
 For others sport, two Nations fight a Prize,  
 Between them both, Religion wounded lies.  
 So of first, *Troy* the angry Gods unpaid,  
 Rais'd the Foundations which themselves had laid;  
 Welcome though late, dear *George*, wher hast thou  
 Well scap'd, let *Rupert* bring the Navy in; (bin?  
 Now thou art gone, see *Beaufort* dares approach,  
 And our whole Fleet have Angling, catcht a Roch;  
*Gibson* farewell, till next we put to sea,  
 Faith thou hast drawn her in Effgie.

7 NO 61



# To the King.

**G**reat Prince, & so much greater as more wise,  
Sweet as our life, and dearer then our eyes;  
What Servants will conceal, and Counselors spare  
To tell the *Painter*; and the *Poet* dare,  
With the assistance of an heavenly Muse,  
And Pencil, represents the Crimes abstruse:  
Here needs no Sword, no Fleet, no Forraign Foe,  
Only let Vice be damn'd, and Justice flow;  
Shake but (like *Jave*) thy locks devine, & frown,  
Thy Scepter will suffice to gaurd thy Crown;  
Hark to *Cassandra's* Song, e're Fate destroy,  
By their own Navyes; Wooden-horse thy *Troy*.  
Us our *Apollo* from all Tumults wave,  
And gentle Gales (though but in Oars) will save.  
So *Philomel* her sad Embrodery strung,  
And vocal Silkes tun'd with her Needles-toung,  
The Pictures dumb, in Colours loud reveal,  
The Tragidies of Court, so long conceal'd;  
But when Restor'd, to voice inclos'd with wings,  
To Woods & Groves what once she painted sings.

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